

A Matter of Principle.

The four gentlemen of the city Council who have gone on record as favoring a license tax on tobacco sold to local dealers have arrayed themselves against the business interests of the city in a manner that has aroused much feeling. The tobacco that comes into Hopkinsville from a dozen surrounding counties, much of it from Tennessee, has been attracted here because Hopkinsville has been the one open market that has never quit business and the tobacco trade of the city has never been taxed in any manner or form. New houses have been exempted from taxation for five years and only taxed on their real estate after that period. Such tobacco as is in the hands of speculators, on April 1st, is of course subject to taxation as personal property, but so intent have the people of Hopkinsville been to encourage the tobacco industry in every possible way, that no attempt has ever been made to even tax tobacco on hand at the taxing period. Certainly there can be no excuse for levying a license tax on imported tobacco in transit, to be worked up and shipped long before the taxing period arrives next spring. It was especially unfortunate that this attempt should have been made on the very eve of the opening for the most trying year the market has had for seven years. An astounding fact is that some of the very men now voting as officials to tax the tobacco trade were a few years ago risking their lives and patrolling the streets at night with guns in their hands to keep the market open. They were good and patriotic citizens then and they are the same today. They have simply been misled or coerced into making a blunder that the people of Hopkinsville will not be held responsible for. The talk of passing an obnoxious ordinance and arousing antagonism all over the country and then suspending its operations is the merest rot. If the ordinance is once legally passed its suspension is impossible, except by the neglect of the sworn duty of officers required by law to enforce it. The Council will have nothing further to do with it except to amend or repeal it. If it be true that one of the Councilmen voting for the objectionable measure now sees his mistake, let the four Councilmen opposed to the tax request the mayor to call a meeting and do the manly thing by repealing the section that lays an embargo on the city's commerce. Hopkinsville owes its prosperity to tobacco. It is the geographical hub of the Black Patch and the people are desperately in earnest in the demand that tobacco must not be handicapped by unfriendly ordinances. There is no more reason for taxing every hoghead of tobacco received on the local market than there is for taxing every bushel of potatoes or wheat, or every barrel of corn or apples that is shipped into the city. The ordinance passed Monday night is not the same one given its first passage Friday night, the many changes destroying its identity. Let the Council see that the amended ordinance never gets its second passage and the people will applaud the present and forget the past.

AUSPICIOUS
OPENING

Of The Tobacco Market Tuesday With Heavy Offerings.

BUYERS ARE OUT IN FORCE.

Sales Will Continue From Day to Day Except on Saturdays.

The loose floor tobacco market was opened auspiciously Tuesday with so much tobacco on hand that only two of the six houses could sell the first day. Sales began in the following order: R. E. & W. D. Cooper, Hancock Warehouse Co., J. P. Thompson & Co., Hugh West, M. H. Tandy & Co. and Butler & Jackson.

Only the first two named houses sold Tuesday and the others sold yesterday in the order named and sales will proceed from day to day, excepting Saturday.

It is estimated that the opening sales will aggregate 350,000 pounds, nearly all of it lower grades and much of it in poor order. Some of it was very "high," being almost wet. The prices were hard to judge, but it is conceded that they are lower than last season. This decrease is attributed in part to the condition of the tobacco and it is confidently expected that as things settle down and the tobacco is brought in better handled that prices will advance materially.

The buyers were nearly all on hand, including Norman Mellon of George W. Helme Co., Tandy & Fairleigh, W. M. Hancock & Norman Smith of the American Snuff Co., M. C. Boyd & Co., W. W. Bradley, W. A. Wilson Mullen, O'Flynn, Cowan, Lock Humphries and Weyman Bruton Co's. buyer, Mr. Hanks. The Imperial Tobacco Co's. buyers were present, but made no purchases the first day.

Prices ranged from \$1.50 for trash to \$10 for leaf.

The city was filled with tobacco growers who brought in the first loads to get Christmas money and the effects are already being felt by the merchants. Some tobacco came 30 or 40 miles and from now on the market will continue to draw crowds of farmers to the city, taxing the boarding houses and livery stables to their full capacity.

Hopkinsville has taken on its accustomed air of business and activity, for when the tobacco business puts money into circulation the talk of hard times will no longer be heard in the city.

The Stork.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Haydon, on December 8th, a boy.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ira S. Ferguson, yesterday morning, a girl.

ADVANTAGE WITH
KAISER IN POLAND

Berlin Reports Russians Are Being Pursued Near Captured City of Lodz—Czar's Troops Are Pressing on Cracow in South

GERMANS AGAIN ASSAIL THE ALLIES

Violent Attack South of Ypres May Mean Renewal of General Advance Against French and British Troops Along Channel Coast and in Belgium

London, Dec. 9.—The great battle for possession of Poland continues. The front extends along three hundred miles and victory over a part of it, at least, appears to have fallen to the Germans, while the Russians are pressing on Cracow in the south.

That Lodz is in the possession of the Germans seems undoubted and a Russian official report just issued apparently is preparing the public for the news by referring to the difficulty of defending the city, which gives to the Russian front an abnormal contour, and forecasts a reforming of the line.

Details of these mighty battles yet have to be written. The general fact that there has been fearful slaughter and intense suffering from the cold comprises about the total of the information received.

The Germans claim they are pursuing the Russians south and southeast of Lodz. Several American correspondents were with the Russian army when the battle broke, but nothing has been heard from them for several days. Evidently they are under the hand of a strict censorship.

British military experts insist that three quarters of the best material of the German army has been held

WILGUS ESTATE

Geo. C. Long Appointed Administrator Appraisers Named.

Mr. Geo. C. Long on Tuesday qualified as Administrator of the will of the late W. A. Wilgus. County Judge Walter Knight appointed as appraisers of the estate W. T. Tandy, C. F. Jarrett and R. T. Stowe, Sr.

Turkeys Are Low.

Paducah, Ky., Dec. 7—According to local dealers, farmers who are holding back their turkeys for better prices are running a grave risk of not selling them at all. Prices have dropped to the lowest level in years with the Christmas market near at hand the best fowls not bringing above 10 cents. There seems to be no end of the turkeys raised in the country and dealers have not felt a shortage this season.

CLINE AN EASY WINNER

Defeats The Phenomenal Boy Player In Billiard Contest.

Harry Cline defeated Welker Cochran at billiards by a score of 300 to 169 Monday night. It was the second of a series of games scheduled in Hopkinsville in the Champion Billiard Players League and was played at Jack Tobin's Palm Pocket.

Cline is a former American champion and Cochran, who is a mere boy, is a brilliant player.

His highest run was 36, making this score twice, and his average was 13 1-3. Cochran's high score was 35, and his average was 7 8-23.

The large crowd present occupied elevated seats around the table.

Recital at Bethel College to-morrow night.

Only 15 more days till Christmas.

BIG FOUR
STOOD PAT

In Spite of The Strenuous Appeals of The Business Interests.

TOBACCO TAX REMAINS.

Ordinance Passed After Tearing The Proposed One To Pieces.

The Council met Monday night in adjourned session to give the new license ordinance its second passage and it was taken up after other business had been disposed of. A delegation of 75 or 100 business men were crowded into the Council chamber to protest against the tobacco tax and other measures and it became evident early that the ordinance would not be passed as it had passed before. In fact its consideration was taken up anew, section by section, and in the end its own father would not have known it.

The \$2 license on barber shop chairs, \$3 on bathrooms, \$10 on candy factories, \$25 on building and loan associations, \$10 on butcher shops and licenses on boarding houses were stricken out. The increases on picture shows, restaurants and soda fountains were taken off and only slight increases left on cigarette dealers piano dealers, and photographers. About the only new licenses were \$10 on automobiles and \$3 on delivery wagons.

By the time the tobacco section was reached it had narrowed down to a fight for additional revenue on tobacco almost alone. The business men had been kept waiting for hours, but were given a hearing at last. The resolutions adopted at the mass meeting were presented by Geo. E. Gary and speeches were made by John H. Bell, E. B. Bassett, E. M. Flack, C. R. Clark, J. T. Wall, R. E. Cooper, B. B. Rice, M. L. Elb, and F. W. Dabney, all making strong speeches in support of the contention that no licenses of any kind be placed on tobacco, though some of the tobacco men expressed a willingness to pay a privilege tax if levied upon them as business men. Many reasons were given why the license tax would be unwise at this time. It would be resented by the tobacco growers, would be seized upon by rival markets to divert trade from the city, would lessen the business in the city throwing many needy people out of employment, and would in many ways have a demoralizing and discouraging effect on the market. Above all it would violate the principle of free trade in tobacco for which Hopkinsville has always stood. It was an attack upon the

chief artery of trade, a blow at the city's very life. As Col. Bassett put it, the tax would "kill the goose that lays the golden egg."

At the end of this discussion Councilman Wooldridge moved that the tobacco section be stricken out entirely and his motion was seconded by Mr. Gee. At this juncture the Council, accompanied by the city attorney, retired to a private room and returned in about fifteen minutes and the vote was taken. Wooldridge, Gee and Smith voted to strike out and Ducker, Southall, Carlsson and Russell voted no. Mr. Wooldridge then left, and further consideration was given with only six present. On the final passage, the vote stood five to one, Smith voting with the four who defeated the effort to strike out. Mr. Gee voted no and Mr. Wooldridge was absent.

OLD OFFICERS
RE-ELECTED

Council Makes No Change In List of Annual Officers.

JONES POLICE SERGEANT.

Alternating With Sergt. Amos Haydon, Who Is Made Patrolman.

The Council at its meeting Monday night re-elected all of the old officers whose terms had expired, as follows:

Workhouse keeper, Charles Vaughn.

Cemetery sexton, R. D. Reeder.

Delinquent tax collector, S. E. Everett.

Fire department—regular men who stay at the department, Ernest Haydon, Joe East, Clay Powell, and John Lawson; firemen, W. B. Turner, Herman Johnson, Clarence Boyd, Ed Rogers and John Hines. E. P. Fears was named as chief and W. H. Hester as assistant chief.

Mayor Yost submitted his appointments of the police force, under the third class charter, continuing the present officers with only one change and that a transfer. His appointments were confirmed. Chief Ellis Roper and Lieut. W. D. Hawkins hold-over.

The re-appointed force is:

Sergeant—Garland H. Jones.

Patrolmen—Amos Haydon, George Walker, Abner Witherspoon, Ed Shanklin, J. A. Barnett, Joe R. Wolfe, D. L. Mitchell, Wayman Mitchell and B. C. Gregory.

Three men, Cave Johnson, Stephen Everett and R. C. Lawson were nominated for delinquent tax collector and Mr. Everett was elected by a vote of four to three.

No changes in salaries were made.

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7 IDEAL FARMS 7

AT AUCTION FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18TH.

PROMPTLY AT 11 O'CLOCK ON THE MORNING OF THE ABOVE DATE, WE WILL SELL TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER THE H. F. HAMMACK FARM, LOCATED 2-1-2 MILES NORTHEAST OF PEMBROKE, KENTUCKY.

THIS FARM has been sub-divided into 7 tracts, ranging from 40 to 100 acres. Each tract has splendid road frontage. Pike road from Pembroke bordering one side and sand clay road through the center and other side. One of the best located farms in Christian county. This is a rare opportunity for stock raisers, small or large farmers. 460 acres in entire tract; one tract will be sold with the privilege of as many more adjoining as may be desired, so that purchaser can secure as large or small farm as is consistent with his ideas and pocketbook. The terms of this sale will be very easy, small payment on day of sale and balance like paying rent. The price will be fixed by YOU, the purchaser.

BURTON BROS., the South's most widely known double auctioneers, will entertain you. A FREE old-time country barbecued dinner will be served to everybody attending. Band Concerts by an all-star Brass Band. Special attention shown ladies and children.

BURTON BROS. REALTY CO. INCORPORATED

PLATS AND INFORMATION CAN BE SECURED FROM B. P. SANDLIN, SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE, HOTEL ACKERMAN, PEMBROKE, KY.

Selling Agents For
H. F. Hammack

Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

Published Every Other Day.

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CHAS. M. MEACHAMEntered at the Hopkinsville Post-
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THREE MONTHS......50
SINGLE COPIES.....5cAdvertising Rates on Applications
212 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10

Lord Kitchener should acknowl-
edge the corn about that Cobb in-
terview.Gen. Von Stutterbelm, comman-
der of an Austrian cavalry brigade,
has been killed on an Eastern battle-
field.A child born apparently dead in
New York Nov. 22 was brought to
life after five hours work with a
pulmotor and is still alive.The Kaiser has issued his last call
for reserves to report Dec. 20. After
this call, the only men available are
extra reserves and volunteers.The body of a 10 year-old girl, who
had been strangled by means of a
cord, was found in a German Lu-
theran church at Sacramento, Cal.Greece, Italy, Rumania and Bulgaria
are all said to be ready to be in
at the partitioning of Austria and
the little that is left of European
Turkey.An official Servian communication
issued Sunday asserts that Belgrade
was evacuated voluntarily by the
Servians, and not captured by the
Austrians after a battle.The German Fifth army corps is
said to have lost so far seven Zepp-
elins and 52 aeroplanes, leaving the
corps of air fleet of 26 dirigibles and
27 aeroplanes. Eighty-six German
airmen have met death.The Supreme court of the United
States has refused to review the
Frank case and the last effort in the
courts has failed. Only the pardon
of the Governor of Georgia can now
save the life of Leo M. Frank, con-
victed of the murder of a factory
girl.Progress has been made toward
an understanding in the Balkan
States which will be satisfactory to
the Allies, according to the Athens
correspondent to the Telegraph, who
understands that a basis has been
reached for an rapprochement be-
tween Servia and Bulgaria.A dispatch from Stockholm to
Reuter's Telegram Company states
that the Swedish steamers Luna and
Everilda struck mines off the Finish
coast and that both steamers sank.
The crew of the Luna was saved but
all the seamen aboard the Everilda,
except one man, were lost.The Lexington Chamber of Com-
merce has appointed a committee to
get up a slogan.At Liege, Belgium, 3,500 people
are fed daily with half a pound each
of American wheat.On the eastern front they are now
taking away the dead and wounded
by Lodz, as Harry Sommers would
say.The Rockefeller Foundation has
already spent \$1,000,000 for Belgian
relief and is willing to spend millions
more if necessary, is the announce-
ment. John D. knows how to pour
oil on the troubled waters.Montenegro has lost one-third of
its army, King Nicholas says he still
has 50,000 fighting men, but is with-
out resources. England has sent
transports loaded with supplies to
the Adriatic port.Lord Kitchener is questioning the
correctness of Irvin Cobb's interview
with him, which Cobb insists is cor-
rect and his friends believe him.
Most of Irvin's letters have seemed
favorable to Germany and the
wonder is that Lord Kitchener
agreed to be interviewed by him at
all.William R. Rockhill, former United
States ambassador to Turkey,
was taken from the liner Chiyo Maru
upon her arrival at Honolulu from
San Francisco, too ill to continue on
his way to China. He was enroute
to Peking to become adviser to Pres-
ident Yuan Shi Kai of the Chinese
republic.

A TEXAS WONDER.

The Texas Wonder cures kidney
and bladder troubles, dissolves
gravel, cures diabetes, weak and
lame backs, rheumatism, and all
irregularities of the kidneys and
bladder in both men and women.
Regulates bladder troubles in chil-
dren. If not sold by your druggist,
will be sent by mail on receipt of
\$1.00. One small bottle is two
months' treatment, and seldom fails
to perfect a cure. Send for testi-
monials from this and other states,
Dr. E. W. Hall, 2926 Olive Street,
St. Louis, Mo. Send by druggists.
Advertisement.

Enemy to Industry.

Shop Forewoman (to great mus-
tician practicing on the French horn)—
The factory over the way sends their
compliments and will you switch off
on to another note 'cos a lot of the
hands 'ave mistook it for the dinner
hour.—Tatler.Invigorating to the Pale and Sickly
The Old Standard general strengthening tonic,
GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILI TONIC, drives out
Malaria, enriches the blood, and builds up the sys-
tem. A true Tonic. For adults and children. 5c.

Evidently He Wouldn't.

Mrs.—"I read here where a South
Sea Island wife isn't supposed to talk
until her husband speaks first." Mr.
—"And I'll bet some of those fool hus-
bands do it."—Boston Globe.

How To Give Quinine To Children.

FEBRILINE is the trade-mark name given to an
improved Quinine. It is a Tasteless Syrup, pleas-
ant to take and does not disturb the stomach.
Children take it and never know it is Quinine.
Also especially adapted to adults who cannot
take ordinary Quinine. Does not nauseate nor
cause nervousness nor ringing in the head. Try
it the next time you need Quinine for any pur-
pose. Ask for 2-ounce original package. The
name FEBRILINE is blown in bottle. 25 cents.

Helpless As a Baby.

V. ley Heights, Va.—Mrs. Jen is
B. Kirby, in a letter from this place,
says: "I was sick in bed for nine
months, wife womanly troubles, I
was so weak and helpless at times
that I could not raise my head off
the pillow. I recommend to take
Cardui, and I saw it was helping me,
at once. Now I work all day." As
a tonic, for weak women, Nothing
has been found, for fifty years, that
would take the place of Cardui. It
will surely do you good. Cardui is
prepared from vegetable ingredients,
and has a specific curative effect on
the womanly organs. Try a bottle
today. At your druggist's
Advertisement.

Preferred Locals

See J. H. Daggs for contracting
building and general repair work of
all kinds. Phone 476.
Advertisement.Good morning! Have you
seen The Courier?
Evansville's best paper.
Advertisement.FOR RENT—Three rooms over
Barrow's Grocery. Also one house;
orchard and garden ground, near city
limits. Apply T. L. METCALFE.
Advertisement.

For Sale.

For fresh Jersey Cows.
J. P. MYERS,
Hopkinsville, Ky., R. 2.
Advertisement.

For Rent.

Five-room cottage for rent Jan. 1.
Bath, electric lights and good gar-
den. 108 West 17th St. \$180 a
year. CHAS. M. MEACHAM.

For Sale or Rent.

Farm of 84 acres. Immediate pos-
session. Would exchange for cot-
tage in town. J. F. ELLIS.
Advertisement.

For Sale

Four H. P. Gasoline tank cooled
International engine, in good condi-
tion, at a very low price. May be
seen at PLANTERS HDW. CO.
Incorporated.
Advertisement.

Barred Rock Cockerels.

Two or three good Holderman and
Latham strain Barred Rock Cocke-
rels for sale at \$2 each. Thorough-
bred stock and in fine condition.
Telephone 94 or 449.

STRAYED

From Gussie Crick, Nortonville, 1
bay mare branded on left shoulder,
1 red mare mule and 1 bay filly with
blaze face. Inform Percy Smithson
Phone 32. Seen in Hopkinsville
Thursday night.
Advertisement.

Not on the Menu.

Prospects of a good meal were not
bright, but the fly-blown eating-house
was the only thing of its kind in the
neighborhood, so Johnson had no
choice but to enter and try his luck.
Entering the dingy dining room, he
seated himself at a table covered by
a stained cloth. A depressed waiter
sauntered in eventually, and nearly
fainted on beholding a customer.
"Have you any cold pie?" queried
Johnson. "Er-no, sir!" "Any chick-
en?" "Er-no, sir!" "Well, I suppose
I can have some beef, can't I?"
"Er-no, sir!" "What on earth have
you got in the house, then?" "Er—the
sheriff, sir!"A Test for Liver Complaint
Mentally Unhappy--Physically
DullThe Liver, sluggish and inactive,
first shows itself in a mental state—
unhappy and critical. Never is there
joy in living, as when the Stomach
and Liver are doing their work.
Keep your Liver active and healthy
by using Dr. King's New Life Pills;
they empty the Bowels freely, tone
up your Stomach, cure your Consti-
pation and purify the Blood. 25c,
at Druggist. Bucklen's Arnica Salve
excellent for Piles.—Advertisement.

Daily Thought.

A wide-spreading, hopeful dispo-
sition is a good umbrella in this vale
of tears.Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIAFARMERS
HEADQUARTERSWe wish to invite the farmers of Christian and adjoining
counties to make our stores and offices their Headquarters
when in Hopkinsville and we want you to feel free to come
in and loaf with us.You will find we have a most Complete Line of:
SALT, SALT LARD PRESSES
IMPLEMENTS HARDWARE
STOVES AND CHINA JEWELRY
LUMBER SHINGLES, ETC.
HAY, CORN, OATS AND ALL FEEDS.We especially invite you to call and inspect our MOGUL
WAGON on which we can name you an attractive price.OUR SANITARY GROCERY is our pride. Come in
and get our prices on FLOUR, SUGAR, COFFEE and all
other Groceries before buying. BACK YOUR WAGON
UP AT OUR GROCERY AND LET US LOAD IT UP
WITH GOOD THINGS FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER.Buy your wife, daughter or sweetheart a Christmas
present at Forbes Jewelry Store and you will assure her a
HAPPY CHRISTMAS.GALVANIZED ROOFING---Now is the time to cover
that barn or cabin with the very best Galvanized Roofing on
the market. We have it in stock, plenty of it, and you can-
not afford to miss the attractive prices which we can make
you.FORBES MFG. COMPANY
INCORPORATED.
(FARMERS HEADQUARTERS.)DON'T YOU WANT
TO OWN YOUR
OWN HOME?The South Kentucky Building &
Loan Association (incorporated) has
a very attractive proposition to home
builders.We are now opening a new series
of stock. A limited number of shares
will be sold for investment.We have matured and paid off
more than Twenty Thousand Dollars
of our stock during this year of 1914
at very satisfactory rates to invest-
ors.

If interested call on

NAT GAITHER, President
J. E. McPHERSON,
Secretary & Treas.

Advertisement.

Your Cold Is Dangerous
Break It Up--NowA Cold is readily catching. A run-
down system is susceptible to Germs.
You owe it to yourself and to others
of your household to fight the Germs
at once. Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey
is fine for Colds and Coughs. It
loosens the Mucous, stops the Cough
and soothes the Lungs. It's guar-
anteed. Only 25c at your Druggist.
Advertisement.

DO IT NOW!!!

THAT IS, GIVE US YOUR ORDER FOR
Monogram Jewelry

So As We Can Have It Ready For Your Xmas Presents

SUGGESTIONS:

Monogram Belts, Monogram Cuff Links,
Watch Fobs, Shoe Buckles,
Chains, Vanities,
Pins, all kinds. Rings.

MONOGRAMS FOR BAGS AND CASES.

M. D. KELLY

The Old Reliable Jeweler and Optometrist—Opp. Court House.

PERCY SMITHSON

Livery and Board Stable

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

EVERYTHING UP-TO-DATE.

Phone 32. Virginia Street. Between 7th and 8th.

Job Printing at this Office.

LOST, STRAYED
OR STOLENSeveral days ago. Black and
Tan Terrier, answers to the name
of "PENNY." Any information
concerning her, LIVING OR
DEAD, will be much highly ap-
preciated.

Mrs. Ida Chappell

Phone 72.

There's No War In Hopkinsville

DON'T FORGET that the world continues to turn around, the sun rises daily, rains fall and crops ripen. Don't declare a moratorium in Hopkinsville. Don't forget that we have the best town in the State. Light up, brighten up, and BOOST Hopkinsville. The crowd follows the light.

KENTUCKY PUBLIC SERVICE CO.
INCORPORATED

XMAS!—XMAS!

FRESH AND FINE GOODS TO EAT

Fine line of Candies, Nuts and Fruit of all kinds. Also full line of Citron, Raisins, Currants, Figs, Shell Nuts, and the most complete line of Staple and Fancy Goods and Fire Works in the City.

J. K. TWYMAN

Phone 314. 204 S. Main Street.

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STOVES, MATTINGS, RUGS AND DRUGGETS.

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W. A. P'POOL & SON

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PHONE 861 NIGHT PHONE 1134.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

HOPKINSVILLE - KENTUCKY.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

Only National Bank in This Community.

Capital.....\$75,000.00

Surplus.....25,000.00

Stockholders' Liability.....75,000.00

ISSUES TRAVELER'S CHECKS GOOD IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

HAS A REGULAR SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Three Per Cent Interest Paid on Savings and Time Deposits

FARMERS ATTENTION

In connection with our Loose floor we have competent men to strip your tobacco at a reasonable cost. All windows are covered with wire, which will absolutely protect your tobacco. Send us your crop and we will get you the highest market prices.

M. H. TANDY & CO.
Advertisement

English Version.
American ragtime has held London in its grip for months and there seems to be small chance of any abatement in the craze. However, some of the songs must travel very slowly across the 3,000 miles of deep sea, for their words and meaning get terribly twisted now and then. An American, returning the other day, brought with him a story of raucous-voiced and chicken-feather-hatted coster women swaying their shoulders with their "pearly princess" to the strains of an American song that turned out to be: "Hoh, it's gytte, myte, wytyt' hon the le... for the Robert E. Lee."—Nashville Tribune.

Prompt Action Will

Stop Your Cough

When you first catch a Cold (often indicated by a sneeze or cough) break it up at once. The idea that "It does not matter" often leads to serious complications. The remedy which immediately and easily penetrates the lining of the throat is the kind demanded. Dr. King's New Discovery soothes the irritation, loosens the phlegm. You feel better at once. "It seemed to reach the very spot of my Cough" is one of many testimonials. 50¢ at your Druggist.—Advertisement.

Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure
The worst cases, no matter how long standing are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves Pain and Heals at the same time. 25c, 50c, \$1.00

MUST LOOK INTO THE FUTURE

Doing That, the Voter Will Be Brought to a Comprehension of His Full Duty.

We, the people, need to have eyes of imagination in order that we may be good citizens. A voter with sufficient ability to see the rest of mankind and the generations yet unborn will sacrifice his convenience, and even much more, to go to the polls.

The better we come to know mankind—the actual character and lives of people whom perhaps we have never seen or never will see—the stronger grows our altruism, which is a normal quality of human nature. The literature of the magazines is rendering an invaluable service. It is forwarding a gradual reconciliation of classes and races by its vivid portrayal of what people really are. It is bringing our conception of "the rest of humanity" nearer to the human reality.

The psychology that tells us clearly how we are separated by time, rather than space, from those who will be affected by our acts, is important in the development of civic imagination. For every ton of coal that we mine, for every beautiful hillside that we rob of its forests, for every law put on the statute books by the legislators that we elect, for every vote that is cast at the polls, we are answerable to future generations.

Without imagination it is impossible to comprehend our civic responsibilities.—Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

Irl R. Hicks 1915 Almanac.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks' Almanac, now ready, grows more popular and useful with each passing year. It is a fixed necessity in homes, shops and commercial establishments all over this continent. This famous and valuable year book on astronomy, storms, weather and earthquakes should be in every home and office. Professor Hicks completes this best issue of his great Almanac at the close of his seventieth year. The Almanac will be mailed for 35 cents. The Rev. Irl R. Hicks' fine Magazine, Word and Works, is sent one year, with a copy of his Almanac, for only one dollar. Send for them to Word and Works Publishing Company, 3401 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo. You will never regret your investment. Try it for 1915. Advertisement.

Simple Headache Remedy.

There is a simple remedy for headache which can be concocted with half a lemon, a glass of water, a small teaspoonful of sugar and an eighth of a teaspoonful of baking soda. Put the lemon juice and sugar into a glass of water, stir well, then add the soda, stir again and when it foams nicely drink the mixture immediately. This is an agreeable as well as a very excellent remedy for some kinds of headache, and certainly is one of the most harmless.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

Microbes in the Air.

Many living microbes float in the air of dwellings, but in houses which are old, overcrowded and dirty the numbers are very much higher. These come for the most part from the sides and floor and not from persons, but they are much more numerous when the dust is disturbed than when the room has been quiet for a short time.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Head
Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of H. W. GROVE. 25c.

For Clergymen Only.

Ministers would meet with more success if they knew as much about this world as they think they know about the next.—Lippincott's.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Make Your House or Garage FIRE PROOF
Cheap as Frame Concrete and Steel
PORTABLE
AGENTS WANTED
R. M. Cunningham
2011 Inter-Southern Bldg.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

OLD SANTA CLAUS IS NOW IN

TOYLAND

AT BLACK HARDWARE CO.

Bring the Children to see the Great Variety of

Xmas Toys and Dolls

Go-Carts, Velocipedes, Wagons, Rocking Horses, Shoo-Flies, Air-Rifles, Tool Chests, Roller Skates, Blackboards, Pianos, Trunks, Tea Sets, Wash Sets and Doll Furniture.

China For Xmas Gifts

Many Beautiful Holiday Selections.

A o 12 piece Decorated Water Sets, Rodgers Silver Plated Table Ware, Primble Carving Sets, Pocket Knives, Safety Razors.

Black Hardware Co.

INCORPORATED

Reports From Farmers

are to the effect that a great deal of the Corn is unfit for Horses.

Supreme Horse & Mule feed is No. 2 Yellow Corn, No. 2 White Oats, Pea Green Alfalfa Meal, Cane Molasses, Perfectly balanced.

THE ACME MILLS

INCORPORATED

Winter Tourist Tickets

TO

New Orleans, Texas, New Mexico, California, Panama, Cuba

and many other points, on sale daily via

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

ALL STEEL TRAINS.

For full information as to tickets, rates, etc., call on T. L. Morrow, Agent, I. C., Hopkinsville, or Address F. W. Harlow, D. P. A., Louisville, Ky.

Notice to the Public!

We have just reorganized and increased our stock and improved our store in general and are now in a position to take care of your every need in the Drug line. Toilet, Rubber, Sundries, Etc.

BLYTHE DRUG CO.

9TH & CLAY INCORPORATED PHONE 366

Put Your Tobacco On

Hugh West's LOOSE FLOOR

And if prices are not satisfactory you can reject and have it prized and sold through the Association, thereby getting advantage of the well-known selling facilities of this organization and the BETTER PRICES that we believe will prevail when the demand comes in for export tobacco in hogsheads in the Spring and Summer.

REASONABLE ADVANCE ON TOBACCO REJECTED FOR PRIZING.

Sales Daily, Beginning Dec. 8th.

Charges same as all other Loose Floors. All Sales under general supervision of

JAS. WEST,

Central Division Manager of the Planters Protective Association.

PRINCESS TO-DAY

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, BEVERLY BAYNE, BRYANT WASHBURN,
E. H. CALVERT, RUTH STONEHOUSE.

"BLOOD WILL TELL"

A Drama of the Colonial Days Interwoven Into the Present
Showing a Man's Fickleness and a Woman's Indiscretion.

A PHOTOPLAY MASTERPIECE IN 3 ACTS

CHEAP SALE!

We offer the following cash prices on Silks and Dress Goods.
Come in and purchase a new dress for the Holidays.

1 Piece	Green Charmeuse,	worth \$1.50	at \$1.25
2 "	Blue "	" 1.75	at 1.50
2 "	Crepe Meteor,	" 2.00	at 1.65
2 "	Black Charmeuse,	" 1.75	at 1.50
1 "	Black Charmeuse,	" 1.50	at 1.25
2 "	Crepe Meteor,	" 1.50	at 1.25
1 "	Fancy Crepe Meteor,	" 2.00	at 1.65
1 "	Pink "	" 2.00	at 1.65
1 "	White "	" 1.50	at 1.25
1 "	Pink "	" 1.50	at 1.25
1 "	Blue "	" 1.50	at 1.25
4 "	Fancy Silk Suiting,	" 2.00	at 1.50

Crepe de Chine, in all colors, \$1.50 quality, \$1.25
Messaline Silk, black and all colors, \$1.00 quality,
at 87 1-2c. Silk Poplins, \$1.00 quality at 87 1-2c.
CUT PRICES ON ALL WOOL DRESS GOODS.

T. M. JONES

Main Street.

Hopkinsville, Ky.

ATTENTION!!

In order to save expense and trouble in moving our
entire stock of

**Furniture, Stoves, Ranges, Druggets,
Rugs and Matting,**

to corner Ninth and Virginia, where we will be after
January 1st, 1915,

From now until the first of the year
we will make you prices for cash, so low you will be
surprised. Give us a trial.

Thanking you for all favors,

We are, yours very truly,

O. Keach & E. P. Fears.

A Demonstration

Of Sunshine Specialties and Package
Goods made by the Loose Weles
Biscuit Company, will be given at
OUR STORE

Friday And Saturday, Dec. 11, 12

Yourself and Friends Are Invited to Attend.

J. K. TWYMAN.

HOPKINSVILLE BOY

Who Has Made Good In The
Far West.

The Danuba, California, Sentinel
has this notice of John Pickford,
accompanied by an excellent picture
of the English boy who grew up in
Hopkinsville and is well remem-
bered here:

"John Pickford station agent of
the Southern Pacific, who has been
taking a short vacation, returned to
his duties at noon today. With Mrs.
Pickford he spent the past week in
San Francisco, visiting Mr. and Mrs.
J. D. Paldi, parents of the Paldi
Bros., of the planing mill, who were
glad to hear how all their friends
are getting on in Danuba. While in
the city Mr. Pickford visited the
general offices of the company and
became better acquainted with the
officers of the road and the workings
of the different departments.

It came to light that in the past
six months, Agent Pickford had se-
cured more routing orders than any
agent on the Pacific system, in all
755 in the past six months.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Pickford visited
the Panama-Pacific fair grounds and
were greatly surprised at the pro-
gress that has been made in prepar-
ing for the opening of the exposi-
tion February 20th.

The many friends of Mr. Pickford,
will be glad to see his genial face at
the window and on the street."

Princess

Manager Stockley's offering for
today is an exceptionally strong
drama featuring Francis X. Bush-
man, in an Essanay masterpiece.

During Colonial days John Ran-
dolph had neglected his wife and
Richard Brinsmore came between
them. One day the wife finds her
husband making love to another wo-
man and she then elopes with Rich-
ard. The furious husband pursues
them and in a duel Randolph is killed.
She then drives Brinsmore away and
he leaves for Europe, leaving the
widow to take of their child. Abroad
Brinsmore marries again and Georgia
Randolph suffers a broken heart.
One hundred years later a young
college chap falls in love with Georgia
Porter, a rich girl. Stephen Mitch-
ell becomes the college man's rival
and Georgia elopes with the college
man. The father and Mitchell pur-
sue in an automobile and in self-
defense the young man kills Mitchell,
being afterwards acquitted. The
interrupted wedding is then an-
nounced. Georgia determines to
wear her grandmother's costume.
In the old trunk she finds a note
from Richard Brinsmore saying that
his heart was broken but that she
had his child. It develops that her
lover is a descendant of the man who
wronged her grandmother and she
refuses to marry him. Richard is
heart-broken and on his way home
is killed in an automobile accident,
ending a love story of a hundred
years.

TAKES HIS LIFE IN GRAVEYARD

Former Citizen of This County
Has Tragic End at Allens-
ville.

William H. Allen, familiarly known
as "Punk" Allen, formerly of this
county, ended his life Sunday, by
shooting, near Allensville. Mr. Al-
len and two of his children had been
visiting a neighbor and were on
their way home for dinner. Upon
arriving at the family burying
ground on his place, he told the
children to go on and he would join
them at the house later, as he cared
for nothing to eat. They had gone
only a short distance when they
heard a shot, and, rushing back to
the graveyard, found their father's
dead body within the inclosure.

Mr. Allen had been in ill health for
several years, and his act is at tribu-
ted to this cause. He leaves a wife
and six children.

He was about 65 years old and
about 25 years ago resided near Gar-
rettsburg in this county.

Standard-Reeves.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Qualls
announces the engagement and
approaching marriage of their
granddaughter,
Louise Reeves

to
Mr. Warner Standard,
of Elkton, Ky.

The wedding will take place in this
city, at Mr. Qualls' residence, De-
cember 17.

VICK'S Croup and SALVE
FOR ALL COLD TROUBLES

Laid To Rest.

The funeral services of the late
John Hubbard, who died in Califor-
nia, were held yesterday morning at
Mrs. Goldthwaite's residence. Rev.
Lewis Powell conducted the services.
The young man's mother, Mrs. An-
nie Hubbard and other relatives ar-
rived Tuesday with the body. In-
terment was in Riverside Cemetery.

Address By Mrs. Martin.

The Parent-Teachers Association
met at the Virginia Street School
yesterday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock
with Mrs. Clarence L. Martin the
speaker of the occasion. Mrs. Mar-
tin is chairman of the home econ-
omics department of the State Fed-
eration of Women's Clubs.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, ss,
Lucas County,
I, Frank J. Cheney, make oath that he is
senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney
& Co., doing business in the City of To-
ledo, County and State aforesaid, and
that said firm will pay the sum of ONE
HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and ev-
ery case of Catarrh that cannot be cured
by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in
my presence, this 6th day of December,
1914.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally
and acts directly upon the blood and mu-
cous surfaces of the system. Send for
testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.
Advertisement.

Clark's Big Sale

Don't Waste Time—Read Our Ad.

Three big wonderful days for
Xmas Selling

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

ORANGES—we have received our first shipment of genuine
Florida Oranges and offer something unsurpassed in quick
selling—50c Peck.

GRAPE FRUIT—10 cent kind—Big Smooth Fruit—5 cents each.
APPLES—Wine Saps small sound fruit that will please you,
Bushel Basket Free \$1.00. Peck for 25c.

DRIED APPLES—5 pounds Sun Dried Fruit for 35c. 10 pounds
for 65c.

CANNED PEACHES—300 cans of Christian county peeled
Peaches, put up in syrup and extra fine, worth double of
what we ask, every can guaranteed, 10c Can.

CALIFORNIA PEACHES—We bought 22 cases of the 25c kind,
put up in thick heavy syrup and extra nice, all the house had,
broken lot. Special as long as they last, 15c can, 1 dozen cans
for \$1.75.

CANNED CORN—The 12c kind, 1 dozen for 95c. 2 dozen in
case for \$1.85.

TOMATOES—Large 12c cans, 1 dozen cans for \$1.15. 1 case
2 dozen cans for \$2.25.

BLACK BERRIES—Canned by Christian County Canning Club,
river bottom berries, worth more than we ask, 9c can. 1 doz-
en cans \$1.05c.

SOAP—30 cakes Swifts Pride Soap for \$1.00.

SEE OUR FAIRYLAND TOY STORE—Open until 9 o'clock p. m.
No Boosting, but the biggest stock of Fancy China, Cut Glass,
Toys and eatables ever brought to Western Kentucky. Come
and see.

C. R. CLARK CO.

INCORPORATED

Wholesale and Retail Grocers

XMAS EATS IN ENDLESS VARIETY.

Candies, Oranges, Nuts, Apples, Rais-
ins, Grape Fruit, Bananas, Plum Pud-
ding, Fruit Cakes, Dates, Citron, Figs,
Chrystalized Fruits, Can Goods, Etc.,

Premium Store Tickets given with
Cash Sales. See our Show Window.

W. T. Cooper & Co.

Phone 116 and 336.

Pence-Hayes.

Mr. Ulysses S. Pence and Miss Hazel
Hayes went over to Clarksville
Saturday afternoon in an automobile
and were married. They returned
the same evening and a party at the
bride's home on the Butler road giv-
en by her sister, Miss Bessie Hayes,
was turned into a wedding recep-
tion. The groom is an employee of
the L. W. Hancock Construction Co.,
of Louisville. The bride is a pretty
and popular young lady.

THE TOGGERY---Blades-Cary Co.

INAUGURATED

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9TH

THE GREATEST SALE

OF THE YEAR, OF MEN'S FINE HABERDASHERY

REASON FOR THIS GREAT SALE

On January 1st we will remove to our new room in the Metcalfe Block and handle Exclusive Tailoring.
 OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF USEFUL CHRISTMAS GIFTS WILL BE SOLD REGARDLESS OF THE COST!
 Come! Come!! Come!!! Get your share of the wonderful values in seasonable merchandise that will make
DESIRABLE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Men's Neckwear in Holiday Boxes

The latest design and popular colors in silk, \$1 values, Sale Price.....	69c
50c value, Sale Price.....	38c
25c value, Sale Price.....	17c

Traveling Bag or Suit Case

A fine gift is a Traveling Bag. 'Twill be highly appreciated by any one who travels or who expects to travel. \$14 value, Sale Price.....	\$9.99
\$12.50 value, Sale Price.....	8.99
\$10.00 value, Sale Price.....	7.50
\$6.00 value, Sale Price.....	3.99
\$5.00 value, Sale Price.....	3.65
\$3.00 value, Sale Price.....	1.95
\$1.25 value, Sale Price.....	85c
\$1.00 value, Sale Price.....	74c

Raincoats For Men

No remembrance more acceptable than a Rain- coat. \$15.00 value, Sale Price.....	\$9.99
\$12.50 value, Sale Price.....	8.09
\$10.00 value, Sale Price.....	7.09
\$6.50 value, Sale Price.....	4.95

Superior, the Perfect Union Suit

The Underwear you will eventually wear. The famous Superior Locked-Crotch—can't gap in the seat— can't bind in the crotch. Superior buttonless seat opens when you want it opened, stays closed when you want it closed.	
\$2.00 value, Sale Price.....	\$1.43
\$1.50 value, Sale Price.....	1.09
\$1.00 value, Sale Price.....	74c

Men's Ribbed Underwear

\$1.00 values for.....	69c
50c values for.....	37c

Scrivens' Elastic Seam Drawers

75c value for.....	47c
50c value for.....	37c

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Umbrellas

\$5.00 value, Sale Price.....	\$3.49
\$3.50 value, Sale Price.....	2.49
\$2.00 value, Sale Price.....	1.39
\$1.50 value, Sale Price.....	1.09
\$1.00 value, Sale Price.....	74c

Handkerchiefs

Silk Handkerchiefs, 50c value.....	33c
Silk Handkerchiefs, 25c value.....	17c
1-2 dozen Pure Linen, fancy boxes \$1.50 value, Sale Price.....	\$1.09
\$1.00 value, Sale Price.....	79c

Silk Hose

50c value, Sale Price.....	37c
Lisle Thread Hose, 25c value Sale Price.....	17c
3 for 50c	

Mackinaw Coats

Sizes 36 to 38. \$6.50 value, Sale Price.....	\$4.95
--	--------

Ireland's and Perrin's Kid Gloves

\$2.00 value, Sale Price.....	\$1.43
\$1.50 value, Sale Price.....	1.09
\$1.00 value, Sale Price.....	74c

Bath Robes

Only a Few left \$7.00 value, Sale Price.....	\$4.95
\$5.00 value, Sale Price.....	3.75

Faultless Pajamas and Night Shirts

\$2.00 value Pajamas, Sale Price.....	\$1.43
\$1.50 value Pajamas, Sale Price.....	1.09
\$1.00 value Pajamas, Sale Price.....	74c
50c value Pajamas, Sale Price.....	38c

Collar Bags

\$3.00 Values Sale Price.....	\$1.99
\$1.50 Values Sale Price.....	\$1.09
\$1.25 Values Sale Price.....	84c

Shirts

For your sweetheart, cousin, uncle, all colors, all sizes, all ages. The well known Arrow and Monarch brands, pleated and plain bosoms. \$3.50 values, Sale Price.....	\$1.99
Sizes 14 and 14 1-2 only	
\$2.00 value, Sale Price.....	\$1.43
\$1.50 value, Sale Price.....	\$1.09
\$1.00 value, Sale Price.....	73c
50c value, Sale Price.....	34c

Hats

STETSON'S—\$5.00 value, Sale Price.....	\$3.69
\$3.50 value, Sale Price.....	\$2.49
ROELOF'S and SWANN'S Soft and Stiff Hats	
\$3.00 value, Sale Price.....	\$1.79
\$1.50 value, Sale Price.....	\$1.08

Fur Caps

\$3.00 value, Sale Price.....	\$1.99
\$2.00 value, Sale Price.....	\$1.39
FANCY CAPS	
\$1.50 value, Sale Price.....	98c
\$1.25 value, Sale Price.....	85c
\$1.00 value, Sale Price.....	69c
50c value, Sale Price.....	37c

Sweet Orr Overalls and Flannel Shirts

\$1.00 Overalls, Sale Price.....	74c
\$2.00 Shirts, Sale Price.....	\$1.43
\$1.50 Shirts, Sale Price.....	\$1.09
\$1.25 Shirts, Sale Price.....	84c
\$1.00 Shirts, Sale Price.....	74c

Osborn Work Gloves

\$1.50 Value Sale Price.....	\$1.09
\$1.00 Value Sale Price.....	74c
75c Value Sale Price.....	47c
50c Value Sale Price.....	37c

Paris Garters

50c Values, Sale Price.....	33c
25c Values, Sale Price.....	17c

10 PER CENT. REDUCTION ON EVERYTHING NOT MENTIONED.
 NOTHING CHARGED OR SENT ON APPROVAL.

Phoenix Block

Blades-Cary Co.

Ninth Street.

THE MASTER KEY

By John Fleming Wilson

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "The Master Key" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Universal Film Manufacturing company it is not only possible to read "The Master Key" in this paper, but also afterward to see moving pictures of our story.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY JOHN FLEMING WILSON

CHAPTER III. The Runaway Car.

MANY a man writes down on paper the things he cannot articulate. Thomas Gallon, dreaming of two women, taciturn and silent as he was, wrote down the thoughts which he could not express in speech. His diary, well thumbed, held the history of many a lonely night, but of all these nights there was one that stood out in his mind.

It was the darkness inclosing a woman on a bed. He still heard her whispered cry, "You speak of God, Tom, but I have no religion but motherhood." Before his closed eyes came the vision of a lamp lit, then almost an apparition—the face of his daughter. One life had fled, possibly appalled by the horrors of a world that recks not of our poor humanity. Yet there was in the dead woman's arms a child, grotesquely asleep, as if unawakened to the sorrows this mother had known.

"Ruth!" he cried. There was no answer from the still woman in the darkness, but thus he had christened his only child.

It seemed to him as if that echo still reverberated from the moon washed hills which marked the site of "The Master Key."

"I am getting old," he thought as he turned the pages of the diary as if unconsciously counting the years since a woman had leaned over his shoulder.

"Ruth!" he murmured again. The problem before him was no longer dim and vague, as it had been in the days of his prime, but absolutely distinct and clear—what was to become of Ruth when he died? With his trained business intelligence he set himself to solve this question.

He reviewed in his mind all the men and women he had known. It was a strange procession. They marched before his sharpened vision, old partners, fresh young girls, mature women, men with check books in their hands, men dying of thirst in the desert—and Wilkerson. He sternly put out of his mind the thought of his former partner—the man—was he dead? If he had not died that night in the gulch, if he were still alive, knowing the secret of "The Master Key," who would save Ruth from his vengeance?

Then there rose before his mind the straight, strong, almost austere figure of his mining engineer, John Dorr—youthful, of course, but he had proved himself wholly competent in almost every task that had been given him.

The old man thought more deeply. He recalled his own former years. He himself had broken down the iron barriers of a cold world for the sake of a woman whose image Ruth was. He had seen in John Dorr's eyes the growing flame of love. Long experience had taught the old man that there is no passion so dependable in this world as love.

John Dorr loved Ruth. It needed no monetary bond to assure his fidelity to her interests, and with the sudden, swift, alert step of a man who had made his final decision he went out on the porch and called, "John, John!"

Within the interior of the little house down the hill the engineer of Thomas Gallon's mine had abandoned his blueprints to study the letters on a little pennant which represented his first victory, a touchdown on the football field within the last ten seconds of play. He knew better than any one that his mission to Valle Vista was futile. Using every resource at his command, he could find no paying ore, and yet—there was the pennant, the emblem of victory hard fought and hard won. Should he give up now? He heard a clear, stern call from up the hill—"John, John!"

"I'll win out yet for Ruth's sake," he said as he answered that imperious cry.

Other ears heard that call, and as John hastened down the hill he saw Ruth's figure by the side of the bungalow, and as if by the opening of a shutter he once more saw the lights of Broadway and a table spread with linen, two people sitting there—his evil geniuses.

In this complex and highly organized civilization of ours no man can be assured that at any moment some other man possibly thousands of miles distant is not planning an act whose portent would never occur to him.

At a table in a New York restaurant a man and woman were sitting with the words "Gallon," "Dorr" and "Wilkerson" on their lips.

"Harry Wilkerson has found Tom Gallon," she said quietly. "I wonder what will happen?"

Her companion laughed. "Gallon? I had a college mate named 'Dorr,' who is working for a man named 'Gallon' somewhere out in the mines."

The woman's dark eyes lit up, and she seemed more strikingly handsome as she allowed her sudden passion to flood her somber face with color.

"There is money in that mine, George Crane," she said. "But this man Dorr, what sort of man is he? You min-

ing stockbrokers usually have information as to all these engineers."

The slender man with the shrewd face seated opposite her dropped his eyes. "To tell you the truth, Mrs. Darnell, I never liked John Dorr."

"Neither does Harry," she put in quickly. The stockbroker looked at his plate a moment and then pulled out his memorandum book. "Listen, Jean," he said in a tone she recognized as utterly businesslike. "Shall I buy 'Master Key' stock?"

"There is a girl back there"—she went on intensely.

Crane looked up swiftly. He caught a glint of the jealousy in the woman's eyes. For his own purpose she was most useful, so he snapped the rubber band around his memorandum book, put it back in his pocket and said with finality, "Jean, I'll buy 'Master Key' stock at any price!"

Mastering the cry which had come to him from Thomas Gallon's bungalow and realizing that in it was a tone



"Leave it to me."

he had never heard before, John Dorr strode down the hill. As he crossed the gulch he saw the door of the bungalow open, and Ruth appeared.

"I thought I heard your father call," he said awkwardly.

"He was calling you," she answered quietly, "but he went over toward the dump. I think he wants you there."

Ruth laid her little hand on John Dorr's brawny arm. "John," she said, the swift color rising in her cheeks, "I don't want to say anything to make trouble, but father is worried. He trusts you; but, you know, we haven't recovered the lost vein."

John looked her straight in the eye. "Leave it to me."

Her appealing hands crept up his arms, and for one moment she allowed him to read her soul. She made a potent plea, directed by the instinct of a woman who is loved. "John, look after him. He is doing it for me."

Dorr hesitated a moment. It was the first thing Ruth had ever asked him. He felt that he ought to respond to this appeal in some most convincing way, but he could formulate no phrase that would express at once his determination to do everything in his power to help her father and his gratitude that she had taken him into her confidence, so he merely smiled, waved his hand and went down the hill toward the dump beneath the head end of the spraddling trestle.

She called him back. "I forgot it was lunchtime," she said shyly.

"I must get down to your father," he said rather brusquely.

"Then I'll bring you both down your lunches to the mine," she said. "We can have a little picnic all by ourselves."

As he went up toward the end of the trestle Dorr observed that the engineer running the donkey engine seemed hardly to know his business.

"My dear fellow," he said quietly, "you're allowing too much slack on your cable. It is dangerous. Those ore cars are coming down that trestle too fast. If their brakes give way it means disaster!"

"What's the trouble?" said Gallon, coming up with a piece of ore in his hand. "I was just telling Bill Tubbs that if he did not keep up the slack on his cable on those cars he would whip them over the end of the trestle," said John.

He turned toward the old man and said in a different voice: "You called me. What is it that you want?"

"Look at this, John," said the older man, handing out the piece of ore—"dirt, not gold-bearing quartz. I want to talk to you; I've got something to say to you."

Involuntarily John looked down the street. He saw Ruth coming, swinging the lunch basket in her hand. He re-

membered her shy appeal that he would do the best he could for "The Master Key."

"I think we had better go into the mine; we can talk there," he said.

"They are setting off a blast," Gallon remarked.

Dorr looked up at the car roaring past them overhead and said suddenly: "Before anything else you ought to fix that trestle. Some day a car will go over on the dump."

Gallon looked up and then glanced at Dorr. "I guess you're right, John; I've thought of that myself. Things have kind of gone at loose ends. Now I'll see to it myself with your help, because I have something to say to you."

"There comes Ruth with a basket of lunch," said Dorr.

"Oh, yes. When I am away from the house she often pines with me here in the mine. Say, I'm going up on the trestle. Have another talk with Tubbs. He is all right, but he has got careless. Tell him to keep up the slack of his cable. I tell you, John, I have wanted to talk to you for a long time, but first I'm going to look after that cable, because I can see you are right and we might have a bad accident."

As the old man started into the mine, putting one foot after the other with that carelessness characteristic of men becoming decrepit, a man ran out of the mouth of the mine waving his arms. Almost instantly following him came a puff of gray-blue smoke, which soared upward and spread out as if it were the blossom of a cloud warmed into full bloom by the hot sunlight pouring down into the valley.

Ruth let fall the lunch basket and stared upward at that dark, murky hole in the hill. Was John there? Was her father there? She knew that that bulky cloud blooming into the heavens meant death beneath the ground. Unwittingly she cried "John!"

Then she remembered her filial duty, and her next word, whispered toward that billowing, eddying mass of vapor was "Father!"

Thus do maidens confess to God the secrets of their heart, but let us see how they conceal from men these same sacred mysteries.

Ruth hastened her pace toward the entrance of the mine. The shale gave way under her little feet, but she struggled upward until she reached the trestle. Having lived all her life in a mining camp, there was no terror for her in anything but falling rock. That effusion of smoke floating over the hillside seemed to speak of disaster. She knew the peril of a premature explosion, and she also knew every working of "The Master Key." And again she wondered whether it was John Dorr or her father or both who were stifling for air within that dark tunnel.

She did not see John Dorr talking to the engineer below her, nor did she see the miner who had just left the mine and was scrambling down the ladder. Her thought was that during this noon hour, when both shifts were off duty, her father had gone in and accidentally set off a blast. What blasting was done in "The Master Key" usually took place during the nooning, but owing to carelessness it was sometimes the case that all the blasts were not set off. She had seen men belched out of that dark hole before furious gusts of gas. And yet why was the ore car inside? That, too, spelled disaster.

She dropped the lunch basket and pulled out the pocket electric light which she always carried. It burned only a tiny hole in the billowing smoke. She rushed blindly in, trusting to her long familiarity with the tunnel to find her father.

Thus it was that father and daughter passed each other in the darkness; Gallon grimly but silently cursing the awkwardness of his men, Ruth trying to choke out the names of the two men she loved. Suddenly she came into the free air. The little beam of her lamp



Ruth Hastened Toward the Entrance of the Mine.

showed her nothing but an ore car and the tools dropped by the last shift when they had quit for dinner.

"Father!" she cried, peering into the darkness beyond.

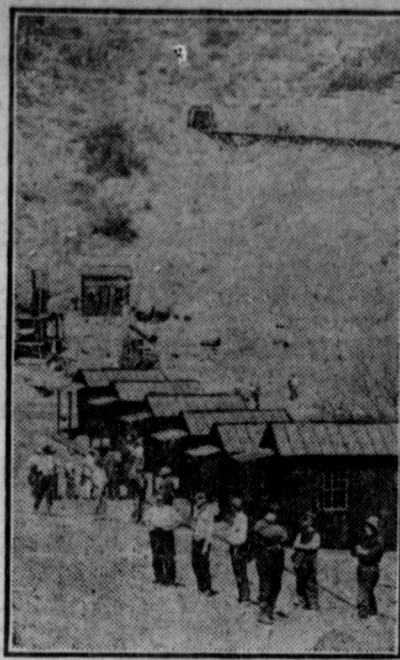
"John!" She stepped on into the shadow and called again. Her foot slipped on the rough floor of the tunnel, and as she tried to save herself her lamp fell. A moment later she saw a trickle of fire running along toward the heading. It was a fuse leading to a blast that had not yet been shot. With all light gone except that blue flicker, panned in as she was by the ore car, standing there with set brakes, what hope had she? How long would it be before that lit-

tle dust of flame reached the powder?

Thomas Gallon was old fashioned in many ways. Instead of using 60 per cent dynamite everywhere and detonating it by electricity, he still insisted on using old fashioned powder and tamping it with a fuse, a sign of his obstinacy.

She climbed into the ore car and tried to unset the brakes. It was her only hope. Then she realized that the cable was still attached. She climbed down by the light of the now flaming fuse and unhooked the heavy shackle. A moment later she was again in the car with her little hands firmly on the lever. With strength bred of desperation she managed to release it.

The heavy car slowly creaked away down the dark tunnel. Then it came



"The Master Key" Mine.

over Ruth that she was not strong enough to stop its momentum on the long trestle that led to the dump. She was feeling death by fire and gas and rock only to be hurled headlong over the lofty end of the track. A vision rose before her of being flung through the bright California air right at her father's feet. Behind her she heard the sputtering of the last few inches of the fuse. She crouched in the car. Just as it emerged from the tunnel's mouth it was as if a huge hand thrust the car forward. The boom of the explosion deafened her. She stood up now in the wildly speeding car and cried, "John, John!"

CHAPTER IV.

The Rescue.

AFTER talking to the engineer, John Dorr had missed Gallon and saw him at the anchorage of the ore cable car up the hill, across the gulch from the trestle.

"John," said Gallon, "I am getting old. Years ago there were two partners of us prospected this country, and we found free milling gold. I say 'we,' John, but there was a little girl—I kept the location of that mine to myself. There was trouble, John. He suspected me"—He turned his dimming eyes on the stalwart young man in entreaty. "I guess you know why I tried to keep those plans to myself."

"Who is the man?" demanded the engineer, patting the great iron ore car with his hand as a man pacifies a restless animal.

At that moment there came a faint cry from a miner on the trestle.

"What does he want?" demanded Gallon peevishly.

John Dorr's eyes saw the miners in the camp, wives and all, streaming out and staring upward. They had got the meaning of that cry. He thought to himself, "Where is Ruth?" It came over him that she was bringing luncheon to her father and himself in the mine. He stared up at that dark hole in the hillside and saw an eddy of smoke. Instantly he knew that she must be somewhere within that dark depth.

With all the force of his lungs he bawled down to the engineer, who was staring stupidly upward; swung himself into the bucket, pulled his signal whistle out of his pocket and blew it furiously.

The engineer seemed to listen for a moment, then kicked off his brake and blew his answering whistle. A second later the bucket was swinging down the lofty cable across the gulch.

It was not clear in John's mind how he could rescue Ruth. The quickest way to get to the trestle was by the bucket; then he would have those long stretches of ties to traverse, and when he reached that smoke filled tunnel could he get through? He must He steadied himself and thought, his eyes fixed on the hole in the hillside.

The bucket was still surging a hundred feet away from his goal when he saw the ore car emerge and in it the slender form of Ruth. No one realized better than he that her strength was not equal to setting those brakes and that she had escaped one death only to meet another.

His trained eye caught sight of one chance. He yelled down to the engineer, "Quick, quick, Tubbs!"

The engineer's blank face upturned toward him seemed that of a man dazed by imminent disaster, but John Dorr's imperious will reached across and down that space. The engineer pulled his throttle wide open, and as he did so John Dorr swung himself over the edge of the bucket and, hanging down by his knees right over the trestle, waited for the oncoming car.

"Ruth!" he cried. "Ruth, come to me!"

He saw her turn toward him, balance herself in the swaying ore car and lift up her arms. He stretched his own down, and as the mass of steel and ore dashed under him, caught her up. He did not hear the crash that

followed. All he saw was the upturned face of the girl he loved, swinging a hundred feet above death in his strong arms, safe.

About 3,000 miles away a dark and splendid woman was looking critically at her maid. "Eloise," she was saying, "I don't like to be waked this early in the morning. I have told you often enough about this. What do you mean by disturbing me for a mere letter?"

"You told me, madame, always to call you when there was a letter in this handwriting."

The woman under the roseate coverlets held out her jeweled hand. The maid gave one swift glance at her mysterious availing eyes and vanished. As she closed the door after her the envelope, torn into shreds, fell to the floor.

Mrs. Darnell sat up alertly and quickly perused the slow, even script written on the old fashioned blue lined paper of a country hotel:

Dear Cousin Jean—Since you last heard from me I have found Gallon. I am leaving today for Silent Valley. His "Master Key" mine is only ten miles from there. Won't he be surprised to see me? I will let you know later how our scheme comes out.

Goodbye for now. Keep mum! As ever, HARRY.

When Gallon thought he had killed Wilkerson he became infected with the ineradicable disease of dread. In his conversation with John Dorr he had given first expression to his feelings. The young mining engineer on account of his youth did not fully understand that men do not speak of such things until age—loosener of tongues as well as of the chords of life—suddenly oppresses them—makes them feel helpless, brings them to a realization of what the ultimate fact of death means. He had barely caught the appeal in the old man's voice when he had comprehended Ruth's peril.

The old man, with shaking limbs, had watched the rescue. When he saw that his daughter was safe he also perceived the solution of his problem. Here was a quick mind needed to protect Ruth's property. Somewhere in that hill was the richest of California gold. Once more he said to himself, "John Dorr can find 'the master key.'"

Feeling himself too weak to meet the girl who was now clinging limply to her rescuer and also discerning in his own slowing pulse that his time was short, he went down the hill, crossed the gulch without a word to the wondering miners and entered the bungalow.

A moment later John Dorr entered with Ruth in his arms. The old man merely looked up. "Always look after her, John," he said slowly, "and if Wilkerson comes back—"

Dorr looked at the old man with pity in his eyes. "She isn't hurt," he said, gently putting her down on the couch. Then he straightened up. "I'll always look after her," he promised.

Gallon stared over at the white face of his daughter as she lay unconscious on the couch. "Humph"—thus expressing to himself his own comprehension of the fact that there was coming such a period in his own life. He went out without a look backward. When he returned the room was empty. He fingered the books on the table and fell into a state of profound thought. He did not hear the door open behind him.

Ruth, freshly clad and wholly recovered from her experience, wondered at her father's attitude. She stepped softly toward him. He did not turn. She went nearer. She laid her soft hands on his shoulder and then, as if the fingers of life long fear were touching the very nerves of his being, Thomas Gallon slowly twisted his head by a supreme effort of will to see the sight which of all things in the world he did not want to see—the face of his enemy.

By the magic of the strange phantasmagoria which represents our mental processes if we look at them carefully he did see the face of Harry Wilkerson.

"A-a-a-h!" he breathed. His eyes closed, compelled to by his troubled conscience, but he was recalled by a loved and familiar voice; it was Ruth bending over him, saying, "Father, father, what is the matter?"

The old man suddenly looked up, still fearful that he was to see that feared and hated face. "Ruth!" he said, and it struck him that on her face was a look almost of terror.

He must reassure her. Dread and fear and terror do not belong in the



"Father, father, what is the matter?"

hearts of maidens. By a tremendous effort he pulled himself together and smiled.

"Why, nothing was the matter, child. I was only thinking."

But there was something in his tone that made Ruth draw back. In her innocence she had not learned to discern the difference between the various rude passions that govern this world. She was still afraid. She crept out the door.

Gallon let his head fall on the table upon his empty arms.

As Ruth closed the door softly behind her she saw a light burning in John Dorr's cabin, and there flooded over her a sense of relief that there was some one to whom she could go. Careless of maiden modesty, western girl as she was, obsessed by the fear of that strange scene she had just left in the bungalow, she fled up the hill toward that one beacon that held out hope of life and—did she know it?—love.

Once at the door she knocked hard because it seemed to her that she had been pursued up the hill by some strange and miserable demon.

"John, John!" she cried.

The door was flung open, and he appeared, his bulk filling the yellow opening from jamb to jamb.

The moment he appeared it came over her that she had done an unconventional thing, yet there was that demon of fear creeping up the hill after her, and she turned her eyes to the kind, brave face of the engineer and held out her slender arms and whispered: "John, I don't understand. Something has happened. I am scared."

John Dorr looked down at her fair face for a moment and shut his eyelids. Was it true that she had finally come to him? He, too, felt the presage of dread. Way down the hill, across the gulch, drenched in moonlight and shadows, it seemed to him that he saw one of those grotesque and impossible figures, mirages of the desert night. Then he took Ruth into his strong arms.

Thus it is in this world that those whose arms are empty feel the fingers of fear at their throats, and only those whose arms are filled can look boldly into the night and defy the fiends of darkness.

And the man whose arms held nothing, whose hands were clinched in an agony of culminating fear, saw through the window a figure of a man on horseback on the crest of the hill.

A tall, dark, stern man, who did not tip the porter, got off the Overland express at Silent Valley. The little hamlet lay there like a mirage of some man's dream. There was but one familiar building in the place, and Harry Wilkerson gazed at it and smiled.

"Well," he said audibly, "this looks like old times! Now to find Gallon!"

It seems that in that clear dusk which marks the border line between life



Wilkerson Remembered That Long Night When He Had Crept to Safety.

and death we see things more clearly than at any other time, and Harry Wilkerson, as he looked over the familiar valley, remembered that long night when almost mortally wounded by Thomas Gallon's bullet he had crept to safety. Every peak, gully and gulch was as plain to him as it was on that night, but this time it conveyed a different meaning. During those long hours of agony and thirst years ago this scene had meant to him simply a hell from which he must struggle out. Now it was a paradise he was going to regain.

He had heard a great deal about Gallon's mediocre success, and he did not fully understand why it was that "The Master Key" mine did not pay better. Was it possible that his former partner had not been able to find that rich vein of gold after all? He smiled again. He would find it.

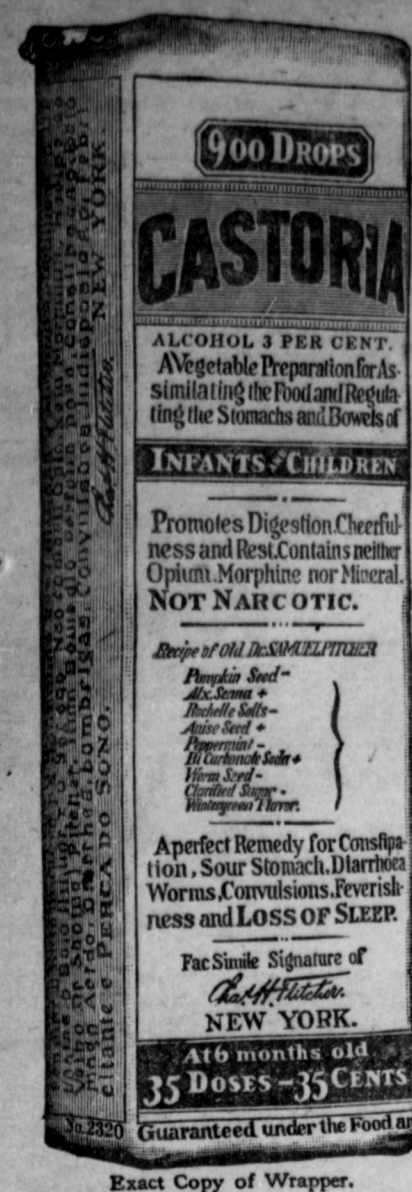
Then there was that girl whose vivacity and beauty he had heard so much about.

Some instinct told him that Gallon must be ever thinking of him, and with the dramatic impulse of a man who has long nursed the hope of bitter vengeance, he planned his reappearance. He would find his old partner alone, and there and then they would once more have it out. This was the reason that he had not taken the motor stage, but had come on horseback, silently watching for his opportunity. His keen eyes scanned the scene below him and easily picked out the bungalow.

Those whom we most want to forget reappear at strange times. Thomas Gallon saw the ghost of the partner he had murdered on the crest of the hill above the mine they had discovered years ago together.

How shall he still save for his daughter Ruth the property for which he gave his happiness?

Continued Thursday.



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"Then he tied a tin can to the tail of Mrs. Smythe's cat next door, and she came over here on the warpath and talked dreadfully to me; and he broke his grandmother's spectacles trying to put them on Ted Draper's big dog that Ted had brought over here; and after that he tied your mother's old crepe veil to the front doorknob for what he called the 'fun' of making people think someone was dead here, and the neighbors began to come in."
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No. 92—C. & St. L. Lim., 5:25 a. m.
No. 52—St. Louis Express, 9:55 a. m.
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IN MEMORIAM.

Whereas God in His wisdom and in His own time, has called from earth our beloved brother, Thos. W. Long, and while we, the members of the "Busy Men's Bible Class" of the church he loved so devotedly, are bowed in sorrow, we bow to the decree of Him who rules the destiny of us all, and take this method of expressing our deeply felt sorrow and loss over what may appear to us untimely dissolution.

Though his presence, with his smiling face, will no more be seen with the eye, his sweet spirit is still ever present. We look in vain at the vacant chair, where only sickness prevented his attendance on each Sunday gathering. This church, as well as his class, will always miss his kindly face, his encouraging counsel, his Christ-like spirit. This city that was so close to his heart; his friends who were legion; the little children who were always first and so close to his heart, will miss him as we do. He was one of God's noblest men.

He is dead, but the lesson of his life will live and bear fruits for years to come. Love, Christian love, was the law of his life. His splendid and lovely character among his fellows teaches once again that, "He who follows love's behests, far exceeds the rest." Its strongest throbs beat in the inner circle of home, but in the widening waves, they expand first into friendship, then into public spirit, then into patriotism, then into philanthropy. When it rises above these forms of human affection in the incense of worship—we give it once more the sacred name of Love, which it bore at its fireside shrine.

From Thos. W. Long's heart that first and best and truest and most of all, was the home-fond heart—there flowed out in all prodigality of his generous soul, and yet with the perfect adjustment of due degree, all those currents of kindly feeling which bear so many names and yet are one. And as he loved so is he mourned, from the hearth of a desolate home to his Master to whom he devoted his life, his all. Who doubts it?

What creature whom the Creator has loved enough to suffer him to hold a Christian's faith, will question that he is at this moment in company with the good and virtuous who have preceded him?

"Oh, love, they die on your rich sky. They faint on hill and field and river; Over echoes roll from soul to soul And grow forever and forever."

O, stainless gentleman! True man, true hero, true philanthropist! Thy name was "great heart." Honor was thy shield. Thy golden motto, "Duty without fear."

The sunny heart which he always carried, despite his physical ills, was his chief charm. The playful, yet ardent spirit which he always had, he seemed happily to be able to impart to others. Indeed, he seemed to be a gatherer of sunbeams.

As members of this Sunday School and the church that he loved so dearly, we use our only vehicle of thought to express our sorrow and affection for this "sweet spirit" which has been taken from us. We extend to his bereft widow, brother

XMAS SPECIALS

Starting Friday, December, 11th

AND

Ending Thursday, December 24th,

We are going to put on Sale CHEAP, COAT SUITS, COATS, SKIRTS, UNDERWEAR, HOSE AND MILLINERY.

Coat Suits Half Price

\$35.00 Coat Suits.....	\$17.50
\$30.00 " ".....	\$15.00
\$27.50 " ".....	\$13.75
\$25.00 " ".....	\$12.50
\$20.00 " ".....	\$10.00
\$15.00 " ".....	\$7.50

Coats at a Great Reduction

\$25.00 Coats go for.....	\$17.98
\$22.50 " ".....	\$16.98
\$20.00 " ".....	\$15.98
\$15.00 " ".....	\$10.88

Wool Dress Skirts 1/2 Price

\$12.50 Wool Skirts.....	\$6.25
\$10.00 " ".....	\$5.00
\$8.50 " ".....	\$4.25
\$7.50 " ".....	\$3.75
\$6.00 " ".....	\$3.00
\$5.00 " ".....	\$2.50

Children's Coats

For 6 to 12 Years at Great Reduction.

\$12.50 Children's Coats.....	\$7.48
\$10.00 " ".....	\$5.98
\$8.50 " ".....	\$4.98
\$7.50 " ".....	\$3.98
\$6.50 " ".....	\$3.48

Millinery

At Your Own Price

We are going to close out all of our trimmed hats at Your Own Price. Come in and ask to see them.

THE J. T. EDWARDS CO.

INCORPORATED.

REX

TO-DAY

Hobart Bosworth in

"AN ODYSSEY OF THE NORTH"

The story of "Naas Esquimaux" chief in Acadia, of his love for Unga, of her abduction and later happy marriage to Axel Gunderson, and of Naas's unceasing search for them, his journeys in far lands, and the spirit which overcame all suffering and obstacles. This is "An Odyssey of the North." It's a great feature in six parts.

TOMORROW—Andrew Mack in "THE RAGGED EARL."

SATURDAY—War Scenes From Belgium.

SATURDAY—"The Master Key."

MONDAY—"The Virginian."

No Further Contest.

Henderson, Ky., Dec. 7—Sim P. Dixon, Commonwealth's Attorney, who prosecuted the Imperial Tobacco Co., gives out a statement that the case will not be appealed to the Supreme Court. Dixon has a letter from M. M. Logan, Assistant Attorney General, of Frankfort stating that the state has lost every point in the International Harvester case and if the court adheres to the doctrine announced, Kentucky is without anti-trust laws. No effort will be made to prevent the Imperial from buying tobacco.

VICK'S Croup and SALVE
"JUST RUB IT ON!"

END COMES TO MRS. GLASS

Venerable Lady Died Tuesday
Midnight, Aged 80
Years.

After a long illness, Mrs. Margie W. Glass, died at midnight Tuesday at the home of her son, W. A. Glass, near Newstead. The end came peacefully and she sank to eternal rest at the ripe old age of 80 years and one month.

Mrs. Glass was a daughter of Archibald and Rebecca Love Gant and was born in Hopkinsville Nov. 24, 1834. In early life she was married to Posey J. Glass, who died about 20 years ago. She is survived by one son, William A. Glass, and one daughter, Mrs. J. E. McPherson. Also a brother, Milton Gant, of Owensboro, and a sister, Mrs. Dr. S. P. Cope, of Louisville.

She was a lifelong member of Westminster Presbyterian church and her consistent and devoted piety was known of all. Funeral services will be held at the residence in the country this morning at 10 o'clock, by her pastor, Rev. C. H. H. Branch, and the interment will be in Riverside Cemetery.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Rex

A genuine Esquimaux story is the novel bill at the Rex to-day. It is Jack London's "Odyssey of the North." The story is thrilling in the extreme, on land and sea, with a tragic climax.

VICK'S Croup and SALVE

FOR ALL COLD TROUBLES

Hang Face to Wall.

When hanging pictures on the wall, always hang them with the face to the wall first, then turn them without unhooking the wire. This leaves the wire twisted up at the hook, and when hung this way the jarring of the house will have no effect on them.

NEW TREATMENT FOR COLD TROUBLES

Is plenty of fresh air in the bed-room and a good application of

VICK'S Croup and SALVE

over the throat and chest, covered with a warm flannel cloth; soothing anti-septic vapors are released by the body warmth and inhaled directly to the affected parts. No need of disturbing the stomach with medicines. The worst colds relieved in one night; croup in fifteen minutes. At all drugists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sample on request. Vick Chemical Co., Greensboro, N. C.

VICK'S Croup and SALVE

Pneumonia



DON'T BUY YOUR

TOYS

Until You Have Visited

THE RACKET

JOE P. P'POOL, MANAGER.

6th St., Second Door from Court House, Hopkinsville, Ky.